

**i wanna hold your
hand**

intertwiningwords

i wanna hold your hand by intertwiningwords

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: First Kiss, Idiots in Love, Internalized Homophobia, Love Confessions, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/ Stanley Uris

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-29

Updated: 2017-09-29

Packaged: 2020-01-21 10:58:20

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,310

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

stanley is in love with his best friend. so, basically, he's fucked.
(or, so he thinks.)

i wanna hold your hand

Author's Note:

inspired by:

<https://incorrectitquotes.tumblr.com/post/165691808146/okay-now-im-imagining-one-of-the-losers-whoever>

<https://stanilyuris.tumblr.com/post/164613212402/yall-ever-think-abt-how-bill-was-probably-stans>

<https://stanilyuris.tumblr.com/post/164613212402/yall-ever-think-abt-how-bill-was-probably-stans>

hope you enjoy!!

Stanley Uris was not one to strive from the norm. He was a clean-cut, rule-following, always in the background kind of guy.

He already stuck out without meaning too, hanging out with an eccentric group of losers all the time. But other than that, he tried to stay in line, keep his head down.

Could you really blame him though? In a small town like Derry, difference was not met kindly, at least not by people like Henry Bowers and his gang. It wasn't worth the beating, so he just shrunk in on himself, let himself be just another kid in the crowd.

Except when he was with the Losers Club. That was the only time he felt like he could be himself. Around the most amazing group of people he'd ever had the privilege to call his friends. Ben with his love of books and boybands, Mike's soft heart and kind smile, Richie with his bad impressions and messy hair, Eddie's asthma and the compass in his head, Beverly with her cigarettes and fearlessness...and Bill. Bill Denbrough, with his stutter and his blue eyes and his natural-born-leader qualities and...

But what did Stan have? What did the other Losers think of when they looked at him?

The coward? The snob? The Jew?

There was a part of him that he didn't share, even with his gang of

misfits. The thoughts that kept coming no matter how much he pushed them away. They came in his dreams, though he'd probably describe them more like nightmares, because they woke him sweating and confused and afraid.

Though he was not the most devout Jew you'd ever meet, those dreams turned him to pray. Not for an explanation but for forgiveness. He didn't need God to spell it out for him; he was in love with his best friend.

Now, Stanley wasn't necessarily homophobic. His parents were though, as were most of the people in Derry. He didn't care who other people screwed; that was their business. But it mattered who he thought about doing those sorts of things with, and in this case, in his dreams, that was Bill Denbrough.

Fuck.

He kept that inside, buried as deeply as possible til he was sure he would burst. But once Eddie and Richie finally came around and realized how stupidly hard they were both crushing on each other, he started to think. He was okay with his friends being...well, you know, so why couldn't he be fine with himself? It wasn't much, but it was a helpful thought.

What wasn't helpful was the fact that Bill had asked him to hang out that day, and his heart pounded in his chest at the mere thought of being within ten feet of him. How stupid, right? Get over it, he told himself. He's your best friend. You're not going to ruin that over some stupid crush. It's just a phase. You're confused. You'll get over it.

So, with his parents permission, he rode his bike over to the Debrough's house to meet his friend. Bill was already waiting for him when he got there, perched on his too-big-bike. A grin spread across his face when he saw Stan.

Stan tried not to blush as he smiled back.

It turned out Bill didn't have a plan when he invited Stan to hang out. Stan was an organized guy, he hated spur of the moment things.

He liked being prepared. But with Bill, it was different. If Bill wanted an adventure, Stan would follow. He'd probably follow him to the ends of the earth if he asked.

That terrified him.

So, they rode their bikes around town, until they spotted Bowers and his gang, who thankfully didn't notice them. They took off in the opposite direction after that, nerves wracking them until they were far from where they'd seen them.

Turned out that town was not a place for losers like them to go without getting shit for it, so they decided to go to the standpipe instead, because that's where outcasts go to hide from the rest of the world, and Stan could really use some hiding away right about then.

"T..that was a c..close one," Bill said once they stopped pedalling.

"Yeah. I really wasn't in the mood for getting beat up today," Stan replied.

They laughed. Then they were quiet.

"Bill?" Stan spoke up softly after a moment, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Y..yeah?"

This was it. His chance to come clean. He swallowed, then took a deep breath.

"I like you." It was a straightforward statement. No beating around the bush. He had to spit it out or he was going to drown.

But Bill was a bit oblivious. "W..well, I'd sure ho-hope so. We are best f..friends after all!"

Stan sighed. This was going to be harder than he thought. "No, like...I love you."

But it still wasn't clicking. "I love you t..too, Stan!" Bill replied, that innocent, sweet smile on his face. Wow, it was really not getting

through to him, huh?

Oh, fuck it. Then, Stan did something he never thought he'd have the balls to do in a million years. He reached forward, grabbing Bill by the collar of his flannel shirt and pulling him down to his height, crashing their lips together.

Bill kissed back.

Stan was obsessed with perfection and precision and neatness. He hated disorder, and he needed things to be symmetrical and centered.

That kiss was anything but. It was unplanned and uncoordinated, messy and misplaced, but still Stan swore he was up there flying in the clouds with the birds he so often watched.

When they pulled away, Stan's face was burning red hot with embarrassment at his own boldness.

Bill was blushing too, but there was a grin spread across his face. "Oh."

"Yeah."

Stan had returned his gaze to the ground, nervous and ashamed and embarrassed.

But Bill, sweet and understanding as ever, reached out softly, putting a hand under his chin and making him look up. His eyes were soft and pretty and Stanley practically melted as he looked into them.

"It's about f..fucking time you said something if you ask me," he said, his tone teasing. "I've been w..waiting."

"What? Really?" Had he really been that obvious, or was Bill just messing with him?

"Well, mostly I was hoping. I was too s..scared to make the first move."

Bill Denbrough, who had literally been through hell and back, was afraid to ask him, Stanley Uris out? Sounded like bullshit.

To prove it, he scoffed. “Yeah, right.”

“Seriously!” Bill insisted.

“What would you ever see in me?” He wasn’t compliment fishing. He truly didn’t get it.

Uh oh. Bill had that look in his eye he got whenever one of the losers made a self-deprecating comment. Stanley could feel himself blushing already, just knowing Bill was about to give him a list of compliments.

“F..first of all, you’re cute. Don’t try to argue with me on that. I like your curls. You’re s..smart. Like, so smart. You’re o..obsessed with birds, which is cute. And..”

“Okay, okay, I get it,” Stan said. He was giggling now, feeling a weight lifted off of him. Well, not entirely. But in that moment, everything was fine. He interlocked his fingers with Bill’s as they stood there, quietly talking about whatever was on their minds.

Nothing had really changed. They were the same old best friends, just with a little more hand-holding and kissing involved. He didn’t ruin anything; he improved it.

Stan didn’t try to stand out. He didn’t think anything about him was worth taking notice of. But Bill thought he was something special, and so did the other losers. And that was good enough for him.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading!! feedback is always appreciated!!

x

p.s. follow my tumblrif ya want:
intertwiningwords.tumblr.com